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MARRIAGE OF WEEB

He looks handsome in a tuxedo with scuba mask and flippers. She looks lovely in a full-length chicken suit. Archbishop Bubba from the Universal Life Church looks wise and kindly in a baseball cap that advertises "Weddings - Funerals - Cars Detailed."

The bride and groom have written their own vows, which state that marriage is outdated and absurd, but love isn't, so here goes. Bubba hands Weeb a throw pillow on which rests a plastic chicken beak. "With this beak, I thee wed," Weeb says, and straps

it on Jane's pretty nose, thinking how great she is: a gorgeous blonde who thinks exactly as he does, who, when he told her his plan for this anti-wedding, laughed and bought her chicken trousseau the next day, which makes it puzzling when, dodging the beak

to kiss her, he sees tears. To avoid cognitive dissonance, he decides they're tears of happiness, and doesn't understand that even anarchist women hide Modern Bride in their Hope Chests underneath the hand grenades, and doesn't understand

how much she's sacrificed to please him as he flaps around: the frog-man she's just made a prince; blithe, amphibious Johnny Appleseed sowing the death of love; blundering Sherlock Holmes without the slightest clue what he has done.